Trick Or Treat

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Trick Or Treat

by SerpentineJ

Summary

Will's been invited to Hannibal's masquerade ball in celebration of All Hallow's Eve. Chilton (perhaps unwittingly) provides the catalyst to their burgeoning relationship.

Notes

Happy Halloween! Have a sugary-sweet ficlet from me.

See the end of the work for more notes

i) Trick

Will sits down at his desk, sighing at the sight of a stack of papers by his students he needs to grade. He rubs his eyes, leaning back in his well-worn swivel chair, and something else on his desk catches his eye.

An envelope. Cream, fine stationary, a nice weight in his hands when he picks it up. Beautiful penmanship, he notes, with solid lines of fluid ink on the back reading “Will Graham”.

He opens it.

Dear Mr. Graham,

I humbly request your presence at the Baltimore Concert Hall and Ballroom for a masquerade ball. Please RSVP by 8:30 pm Thursday, October 30th. It is a black tie event.

Yours,
Dr. Hannibal Lecter

Will snorts. Figures.

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He ruffles through his closet, trying to find something suitable to wear. Why is everything he owns flannel and jeans? Nothing fitting for a masquerade ball.

Of course, he’d never expected to know anybody who would invite him to such a celebration.

After a good twenty minutes, Will spots the corner of a suit bag peeking out of the end of the rack. He pulls it out and is met with the welcome sight of the only properly formal suit he owns.

“Finally.” He sighs, unzipping the bag and donning the jacket, tugging it over the crisp white dress shirt he wears. The material snags a bit but fits around his form snugly, settling around his shoulders and accentuating his hips. The tie he slips around his neck is silken black and his shoes are so smooth they shine like black oil in the light.

“Will?” He hears Abigail calling from the living room where she’s sitting on the couch, homework spread out on the coffee table. “You’re going to be late if you don’t leave now.”

He walks down the stairs, feeling uncomfortably restrained in the suit he hasn’t worn for three years, ignoring Abigail’s joking wolf-whistle with a scowl. “I’ll most likely be back before eleven, there’s fish in the fridge and you can order some takeaway if you want. The menus of all the places that deliver out here are in the second drawer by the oven.”

Graham grabs his wallet and keys from the dish by the door and hesitates. “Wait.” He says, turning around. “Where’s my mask?”
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“Oh! Here.” Abigail gets up, papers fluttering to the ground. “I found it in a back alley thrift store and had some work done on it by a school friend.” She digs something from her backpack.

Will takes the mask from her, cradling it in his hands. It is exquisite, he sees, the black sequins speckled with silver, gold, and a bright, piercing green.

ii) Treat

“Good evening, Will.” He is greeted by an unmistakable accent within moments of him walking in the door.

“Hello, Dr. Lecter.” The man is wearing a pristine black suit, looking oddly different despite suits being his typical attire (Will later figures out it’s the lack of plaid that makes him seem so unfamiliar), upper face obscured by a red and gold mask.

He smiles, lips looking especially red compared with the small faux rubies adorning his face. “Please. Call me Hannibal.”

Will grins back.

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Eventually he and Hannibal go their separate ways, Lecter speaking to a friend from the opera, Graham finding Dr. Chilton secluded by the fountain in a silver and blue mask, leaning against a marble pillar and eating a small sweet. Will can smell the caramel.

“Will Graham.” Chilton smiles and finishes his treat. “Not surprising, seeing as this is Dr. Lecter’s event.”

Will scratches the back of his neck. “How did you know it was me?”

“You have a certain… manner, a way you hold yourself. It’s unmistakable.” The doctor smiles and stands up straight, leaning ever so slightly on his cane. “How have you been?”

“Well,” He laughs. “It turns out I actually did have a neurological problem. Encephalitis.” Graham explains, grinning. “Getting treated, and everything’s much better. You?”

Chilton cocks his head. “Even after I was cleared, all the Chesapeake Ripper’s charges against me dropped, I find it… difficult to claw my way back up through the different levels of society. Such a bother.” He huffs amusedly. “Look at us. Two social outcasts at a masked ball.”

The empath sighs in mock exasperation and smiles.

A pair of dark eyes watches them chat, narrowing as Chilton leans forwards and makes a joke, glittering in the lights.
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Will bids Chilton farewell with a grin, having spent the majority of the evening cracking jokes and making hilariously uncomfortable observations about the people around them (“see the lady in the red dress? She’s sleeping with the man in the green mask, but so is her husband.” Frederick says, snickering.). He’s removing his mask and walking out the door when someone grabs his wrist; it’s Hannibal.

“It’s rude to ignore your host.” The man practically purrs in his ear, making Will shiver.

“My… apologies.” He licks his lips. Lecter is still holding his arm. “I hope your night wasn’t too displeasing without me there.”

The doctor hums, not having moved from his place nearly pressing Will to the wall. His breath is warm as it ghosts over Will’s ear. “It would have been much more pleasurable had you been.”

“Again, sorry.” Graham twists around, grinning up at Lecter who, he sees, has removed his mask. “Frederick is quite the scintillating conversationalist, though. He had quite a few interesting observations.”

“Really?” Hannibal steps closer, crowding Will against the brick wall, face half hidden by the darkness of the night. “Like what?”

Will murmurs, “Well, your opera singer friend has a new job in London and won’t be back for another three months.” Instead of shrinking away from the intimidating heat of the other man he presses forwards, looking up at hooded eyes. “Alana has quite an avid suitor in Mr. Steinford.” Their lips are almost touching now as Graham inches upwards. “And you kept watching Dr. Chilton and I while we were… having conversations.”

Hannibal growls and bears down, crushing Will’s lips with his own, pinning him against the brick wall with his hands and his hips. Will responds quite enthusiastically, soft lips parting to grant Hannibal’s skilled tongue access, hands coming up to fist themselves in the lapels of Lecter’s suit. He tastes vaguely of spice and a heady, warm sweetness (probably from all the sugar he’s ingested over the course of what could be called a Halloween ball).

They break apart, gasping, and Hannibal leans his forehead against Will’s, body weight keeping him against the brick.

Not that Will wants to move. He’s quite comfortable, even if it is beginning to rain.

“You know…” He says, looking up, detaching his forehead from Hannibal’s. “I think your bed would be much more comfortable than a brick wall.”

Hannibal’s mouth slips behind his ear to suck at the soft stretch of his neck. “I think you are correct.” He says, lips stretching in a grin against Will’s skin. “It would be a shame to ruin your suit.”
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End Notes

What did you think? I adore a good review!

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